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MEMORIAL

—OF—

PHILIP EMBURY

——THE——

First Methodist Minister

—IN THE—

NEW WORLD.

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— TO THE —

National Local Preachers' Association

OF THE

Methodist Episcopal Church

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

The following is the inscription on the slab over the original grave of Embury in Ash Grove :

PHILIP EMBURY,
THE EARLIEST AMERICAN MINISTER
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
HERE FOUND HIS LAST EARTHLY RESTING PLACE.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the Saints."

Born in Ireland, an emigrant to New York, Embury was the first to gather a little class in that city, and to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of the John Street church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.

I fully endorse this work, as also the engraving, and every Methodist should have one. REV. J. ZWEIFEL.

Present Pastor M. E. church, Cambridge, N. Y.

Familiar with the scenes exhibited in the engraving, I can testify that the picture is a faithful representation of them, and that the text of the compillation is to my knowledge correct. J. S. SMART.

Editor *Washington County Post*, Cambridge, N. Y.

PREFACE.

THE history of a particular class of people is always of special interest to the members of that class, and whatever forces have operated in making their history are worthy of honorable mention. Therefore no record of Methodism is complete without some space being devoted to the labors of Philip Embury at Ash Grove and Cambridge. But who was Philip Embury? The question is fully answered in the following pages of this work, so that all that is necessary to be said here, is that Embury was a plain, humble, devout preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that Gospel to which more than to anything else our present civilization is due. More than a century ago this embassador of Christ came to Ash Grove and organized the first Methodist society north of the City of New York and the second in the land, The light kindled at that time has never been extinguished; hundreds have been led by its beams into the Kingdom of God, and to-day the society organized at Ash Grove, in 1771, but now located in the beautiful village of Cambridge, numbers over three hundred members, while since the days of 1771, many of God's saints have gone on to join the Church Triumphant, "which is before the throne of God in heaven."

It is not the design of the following pages to give a complete history of Embury and his labors in Ash Grove, nor to furnish a minute account of the rise and progress of the first Methodist Episcopal Church in that section; all that is intended is to perpetuate the memory of one of God's noblemen, who in the years long since gone into eternity, did such heroic service for the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ.

For this purpose the compilers have collected the magnificent orations and addresses of such illustrious men as the Rev. John Newland Maffitt, Bishops Simpson, Janes and others, and out of this rich material, have produced this little volume which they hope will be of interest to very many readers. Of the subject of this present work the Cyclopædia of Methodism has this to say: "As a preacher, though possessing no superior talent, and without much literary culture, he was of a respectable character. He evinced deep feeling, was earnest in his appeals, and manifested the beauty of deep Christian piety. The Methodists of America everywhere honor his memory." The dust of the "Founder of American Methodism" sleeps in the cemetery at Cambridge, where a beautiful monument, erected by the National Local Preachers' Association, marks his resting place.

As a companion piece to "Memorials to Philip Embury," the compilers have had prepared, at considerable expense, a fine engraving or wall picture, giving views of Ash Grove and Cambridge burying grounds, showing Embury's first and last resting place; also views illustrative of the past and present condition of the society Embury formed.

And now naught remains save to bid this little volume "God-speed" in its mission of love in keeping alive the memory of him whose name must ever be placed at the head of Methodism in America, Philip Embury.

Inscription on Monument to the Memory

—OF THE—

REV. JOHN N. MAFFIT,

Born in Dublin, Ireland, December 28, 1794;
Died in Mobile, Alabama, May 28, 1850,

Maffitt was said to be instrumental in the conversion of more than 20,000 souls; and was one of the greatest pulpit orators that ever preached Jesus on our American shores.

ORATION DELIVERED BY REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFIT ON THE OCCASION OF THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF PHILIP EMBURY FROM CAMDEN VALLEY TO ASHGROVE.

The Genius of History stands over the broken ruins of Time and restores the faded images of the past as a painter would retouch the work of some ancient master. Time hath a hasty step, and leaves his deepest track in the place of Graves. Where the turf is thrown open—where the pit yawns deep and narrow—where the coffin lowers down—where the returning clod throws back the dreariest sound that ever visits human ears—there—there, O Grave, is thy victory—and there, O Time, thy short vision having ended, thou settest up a frail landmark to tell how far went

thy path, and to tell where Eternity commenced! The rolling sea that bathes earth's continents in its pearly waters bearing no trace of ruin—no indentations for graves—on its glassy surface, is yet a wide, hungry tomb, where unnumbered sons and daughters of Adam lie in their last dreamless slumber. Down, down in mortal agony they sink in the green depths of the ocean caves, and the gray-eyed monsters of the unfathomed abyss stare in their sunless medium, to see the fresh cargoes of mortality arriving at their last destinations. The plains and mountains and vales and deserts are become wild and well filled places of graves. Where is the spot where man hath not bowed down under his last strong agony? Where is the dust that has not humanity incorporated with it? Where is the willow or elm that does not wave over and cast their heavy shadows upon the wasting—yea, the wasted remains of one who lived and moved and thought and acted amongst us—one who was as dear to the heart of friendship as any one of us now is or can be.

Yes, my dear beloved hearers, even here, in this sequested spot, where the quiet herds have grazed in peace—where the robin has sung his early song and the snow-bird played with the descending flakes of winter, even here moulders the frame of a man. Bone after bone hath here returned to the dust from whence man was originally taken. Dig down now, after this lapse of years—dig down and see if here we can find Embury. Here the gray-headed men of other days laid him—the cold remains of a minister of Jesus when

his day of labor was over. Here, one day, when the hearse slowly wound along this path, they gathered, not to see a man of God in his mightiest strength, when the oil of eloquence is on his lips and the annointing of the Most High shines upon his face—but to see a minister of the New Testament, cold and lifeless as was his Saviour when taken down from the bloody cross on Calvary. Cold—cold in death was the pious, warm hearted Embury when they laid him here.

Summer and winter came and went again. The grass grew tall and rank over this mound. It became level with the surrounding earth. The place was fading from the memory of man—for lo, many who dug and covered this grave, went themselves to their last resting place and laid their time-wearied heads on the coarse pillow of gravel.

But, my Christian friends, amidst all earth's and ocean's graves, some are singled out by the eye of Almighty Love, and sacred watch is kept over them. The sweet stars watch them at night, and the moonbeams fall on them like quivering floods of silver. The sun pours his flame around them by day, and there is no terror in them at all. For there the dead of Christ sleep sweetly and soundly, and the eyes of all heaven are intent to watch over their sacred dust. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints. Goodness and mercy follow them all the days of their life, and then they go to the dead to rest until the morning of their resurrection glory. Then, not one particle of their precious forms shall be wanting—all

shall be at hand although shooting in a thousand blades of grass, or curling in vapors on the ocean's bosom; all shall come forth, beautiful and fresh, like a new rose plucked from Sharon. It is well to have the Watcher of Israel to guard our sleeping remains, that our frail dust may be found in the resurrection completely disenthralled from the palsy of death and clothed upon with immortality.

The relics of illustrious men are subjects of interest to all. It was but lately that England ransacked an ancient cemetery to find the remains of one of her beheaded sovereigns. The historians of Charles the First disagree respecting the place of his interment. The sharp axe of Cromwell's usurpation had made him a head shorter, and he was suddenly hurried away to an obscure grave. Guided by a historical authority not heretofore considered of the best credit, the resurrectionists dug through an old wall of a tomb and found a leaden coffin, within which was an embalmed body. Carefully was the covering, fold after fold, removed, and lo! a king was within. His features still preserved their likeness to his statues and busts and medals—his head still rested in its blood upon the socket of the shoulders—still was the trace of the axe through the broad white tendons of the neck discovered. Still it was but dust, and near by was lying the dust of Jane Seymour.

Say what we may of earthly nobility while life throws its delusive shadows around us; in the grave there is a strange appearance of equality, while in

reality there is but one strong line of distinction running through all the pale realms of death. It is this—a part of the mouldering remains of mortality are watched over for the resurrection of honor and immortality, and a part of the resurrection of shame and everlasting contempt. A part sleep on the pillowed arm of Jehovah reconciled; a part slumber frightfully over the grumbling volcanoes of perdition; a part sleep to wake in loud songs and transport; a part sleep to open their eyes to scalding tears and the hot glare of the undying flames.

I have made these preliminary remarks, suggested as they have been by the strange circumstances which have called us together. Not to bury the dead; not to disinter his mouldering remains, have we come together; not to shed a tear over Embury dead! But to thank God that so good a man ever lived, and to rear a frail stone over his dust, which may tell his name and our reverence for his virtues for four or five generations yet to come. Then this very marble which we rear to-day, shall gather the rust of years—the gnawing tooth of time shall eat away our inscription, and the men shall wonder at the ragged fragment of a monument that shall cumber this ground, and guess by what wild chance it strayed away from its native quarry. We come here to-day, after a lapse of years, to rear a monument over one of the nursing fathers of Methodism in America. Here let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to exalt Methodism over Christianity, as though it was not one and the same thing.

I would only say that the modification or form of Christianity called Methodism has blessed, and is now blessing the world with spiritual glory. Form and ceremonial, with but little of the living spirit of the sanctuary had encircled the church of England and the state religions of the world. Wesley led the van of dissenters, disclaiming state or governmental patronage, and seeking only the glory of God in the salvation of immortal souls. By his great example he declared, let bishops and bishoprics go to those who seek them, but let me and mine be found faithful unto death, striving to get the mastery over sin, and to wage an effectual battle against spiritual wickedness in high places Led on by the directing hand of Providence, Wesley set his foot in this western world, and grasped, like Columbus, more than the elder continents for his empire. The voice with which he wooed sinners to Christ could not be constantly heard, and it was to be feared that when he was absent the influences of his labors would die away and lose their force. The labors of Wesley and Whitefield were of the most powerful stamp as far as they reached. Whitefield's great work died with him; but Wesley prepared his to live through all time, and expected to reap rich harvests of glory, long, long after his body should be returned to the earth. The classification and organization of his ministry and membership, regarded merely as human policy, were proofs of consummated skill and forecast. The wisdom of the Most High truly shown forth illustriously in endowing Wesley for his great work of re-

formation, sanctifying his agency to the introduction of a new era of holiness throughout the world. Far-seeing and prudent, this holy man was not willing to leave the territories he had wrested from the Prince of Darkness to revert again to error. His bands of holy watchfulness and his widening circuits of ministerial labor, beating back the clouds of heathenism, and the dark shadows of mental thraldom, from their very constitution have the power of self preservation and perpetuation, under the promised blessing of the Holy Spirit. Yes—yes, until the entire earth shall be the Lord's the classes of Wesley, like circles on a pool, shall widen and widen to the last verges of civilization. The very heart of the matter was in Britain, but let me now ask in the light of the year 1832, where is the continent, where the island, where the shore washed by the sounding seas, that have not heard the name of Jesus from the lips of Wesleyans? Oh, you will find the bones of these brave soldiers of the cross, where they fell in the hottest of the battle against sin on whatever land you may tread. Even here you may see evidence of what I say. No common dust moulders beneath our feet. Here fell a harnessed warrior of the cross. Satan, that roaring lion, stood afar from his dying hour, and came not nigh when he rendered up his soul to his Redeemer. If you ask how we know all this, we answer that scattered along in fragments, broken indeed and disjointed, we find the rich evidences of a Christian life. None who act and feel and live like Christians are left to die the hopeless death of

infidels. The promise that "I will be with thee always," concentrates with peculiar beauty over the last struggle which the Christian is called to endure in these low vales of time. Like "hope upon a death bed," the banner of the Lord of Hosts waves its protection in the atmosphere of the grave.

How grand and sublime does human nature appear in the light of heavenly regard and protection! Did Christ die for nothing? Was there not an immortal worth in the gem which attracted the eyes of Immortal Love, as it lay in the mire of its own pollution? Was there not beauty concealed beneath the rubbish of sin—beauty enough to warrant every heavenly movement of compassion towards the forfeited, the rejected glory of humanity?

But we digress. As we said before, Wesley and Whitefield, like the stars on the American horizon, had made their frequent transits, yellowing all the clouds of our heavens with the reflected radiance of their pious virtues and the deep corruscations of their flaming eloquence. But as they were not immortal, neither could the great spirit of Wesley be omnipresent, there were needed other means, other labors, other agencies, to perpetuate through the lapse of the coming generations, the scheme which divine teaching had imparted to the founder of Methodism. And Embury was this instrument in the city of New York. We know not his path in another land beyond the blue waste of Atlantic waves. He was my countryman—but whether his path was one of light or darkness, of

gloom or glory, in his native isle I know not. But this I know and record to his eternal honor, that he was deemed worthy by the Holy Spirit, to institute the classes of Wesleyanism in the city of New York. Nearly thirty years after Wesley had founded a society in the city of Savanah in Georgia, and long after every vestage of that society had wasted away, the tide of emigration, setting towards the western shores, brought some of Wesley's original society from England and Ireland to New York. But alas! here they were as sheep without a shepherd, wandering in the devious paths of sin.

One evening a pious female from Ireland called at the house of some whom she knew to have belonged to her society in their native land, and found them engaged in playing cards. She reproached them, threw the cards indignantly away, and hastened to the house of her countryman, Philip Embury, in Augusta, (then Barrack) street, and portrayed to him the fallen condition of her friends. His noble heart was aroused to holy purposes. Through scorn, contumely, reproach and violence, he took his course in favor of God's cause, and appointed a meeting at his house. At the first meeting six only attended. They sang and prayed, and Mr. Embury instructed them in the doctrines of salvation. After a class had been formed, and a more commodious room obtained, the little band were one evening surprised by the appearance of a noble looking man, in the full uniform of an English captain. They soon recognized under the disguise of war a

brother in Christ; it was Captain Webb of the British army, who was proud to become an assistant preacher with Embury; and a preacher arrayed in scarlet was an attractive sight in the humble Methodist pulpit. These movements resulted in the erection of that "cradle of American Methodism," John street church, then called Golden Hill, and quite to the upper limit of the city. On the 30th day of October, 1768, Mr. Embury delivered a discourse from the pulpit which he had himself constructed, declaring that the best dedication a minister could make of a church was to preach a faithful sermon in it. One of the historians of Methodism says: "In the preaching of Mr. Embury there was something truly affecting. He generally shed tears in the midst of his subject, and on all occasions showed himself a perfectly sincere Christian. His occupation was that of a house carpenter; but no business could distract his thoughts from heavenly things; and he was often heard singing hymns with earnest devotion, and at the same time plying the implements of his trade."

It was through such instrumentality that a Society of three hundred members was gathered, and the great Wesley sent over ministers to take charge of them from England.

Will it surprise you, my hearers, that this is nearly or quite all the record that the annals of our church can show for one who was regarded in those early times as the father of American Methodism? But so it was. We now stand over the ashes of one who was

a glorious star, shining in the early dawn, before the blue heavens, far and wide, were red with the full glories of the morning. We stand over sacred dust. He fell on what was then the outskirts of Methodism—perhaps bravely fighting the battles of his Redeemer, under the shadow of the great trees that long since have disappeared. Perhaps in the agony of prayer he hovered like an angel of heaven over lands that he saw by the eye of faith, would one day belong to his crowned Saviour in heaven. Perhaps on a journey, with his petition put up in the chancery of the courts of God—"Thy will be done"—and the will of the Sovereign Arbiter of human fates was to call him home, and plant his precious dust with scarce a friend to witness, beneath this tree, to give occasion for this moment—this moment, when a stranger from Embury's own sunny isle of the Atlantic, shall stand on the soil consecrated by holy dust, and call other times to remembrance; not with the wizard wing of fancy, sailing over the delicious meads of improbability, and culling flowers that never bloomed in these lower realms; but here I stand—myself a fellow countryman with Philip Embury, an expectant of the same glorious immortality, if I do not fill the same unknown and lowly grave; here I tand to speak after the chilling lapse of more than half a century, the same words of sacred import that Embury would have then spoken, or would now speak, could the stiff tongue of death be loosened from its long silence. There was but one theme for him—there is but one theme for me. Jesus—Jesus,

the friend of the sin-burdened soul, was all he could say; it is all that an angel could say. It is the burden of heaven and earth—it is the sound of the seraphim as they call to each other from the heavenly mountains—it is this which cheers the dying Christian on his lowly bed of dissolution—it is the song of those hundreds of thousands who now follow the steps of Wesley and Embury in this goodly land. Christ is my all in all. I bind his banner to my heart. I trust his grace for all furure time.

Here let me beg the indulgence of my audience while I take a farewell of the relics of the dead which are so near me. He had, perhaps, no sympathizing friend to say *farewell—and God be with thee!* in the last hour. The one who echoes his adieu over his grave was not then born—he had not breathed the breath of life which was then departing from Embury. But now, departed shade, I come on my pilgrimage to speak my farewell and raise a stone above thy ashes. Farewell, my brother! more than brother, father in God! Farewell! until the red morning of the resurrection sparkles over yonder hills, and the tremendous voice of the trumpet shall bid thee come forth, radiant in more beauty than earth ever beheld. Farewell, until I, too, shall pass to where thou art in thy resting place of peace. Farewell, until shadows stretch over time with a gloomy magnificence, and the night that knows no waking sets in upon me. Farewell, my countryman! more than mine—the countryman of Jusus, a chosen vessel of his love, an instrument in his mighty

hand of planting the precious seeds of the eternal kingdom on these western shores in the trying early times. Often on the journey of life shall my memory revert to this scene. Often shall I remember the once unknown and undistinguished grave. Often shall I gather, departed shade, from these memorials a precious lesson of the eternal care of the Saviour over the wasting dust of his chosen. Here shall I learn how worthless is time—how precious is eternity! Traveling back from future times, my memory will often repose on the spot where thou, my father, resteth in the full glory of recompense. And now—till we meet—farewell!

But I have not yet done. I raise my eyes from the mound of the grave and see the heaving forms of life and strength and lovliness around me. I have a word for the living.

Years ago the thick wilderness covered these fields. The habitations of man were scattered sparsely here and there, but the fresh untouched woods covered the greater portion of hill and valley. The night-bird trilled his evening song to the echoes of the primeval forests, dim with religious awe, like some cathedral of olden time, through whose embrasures the wandering light of day streams in measured rays. Far seen on some eminence a traveler appears weak and faint and weary. He toils up the hill and treads with tottering knees the deepening valley. The hand of sickness is upon him. He heaves his breath with the scorching fever-blast upon his lungs. He reaches a dwelling,

humble indeed in appearance, but rich in the virtues of charity and kindness within. He lays his aching head upon a pillow, from which it shall not be lifted again until all its aching and throbbing are forever over. Who is he? His eyes are calm, even when delirium would drive his maddening impulses through his brain, and strive with unreal horrors to terrify him for whom the three worlds of human existence had no dread. Through the storm and agony of his last struggle, like the alternate rain and sunshine of a driving day, the fires of his soul would ever and anon kindle up at the great shrine of redemption, and the language of Canaan was ever upon his tongue. Who is he? No common lustre beams in that departing farewell look. No common eloquence lingers on his tongue, even when wild ejaculations find the words of this lower world in their difficult and forced utterance. Who is he that dies on that bed, throwing his spirit with a seraphic bound upward, where he said his friends, all his treasure and his Saviour were? Who was he? I do not say that his name was Embury—for, alas! I cannot rend the darkness that hides the past—nor can I make the cold and wasted dust reveal the secret of its latter woes.

If you think that the picture I have just shown you may not be true in every shade, I will show you another, on which I will stake my hopes of salvation for its truth. Every shadow shall be borrowed from an unfailing, unquestionable source, and oh! could I tell it—could I but paint it on these clouds above your heads with nature's own pencil, a horror would thrill

through the hearts of all unrepenting sinners in this audience—and the Saints who have long expected its coming, would begin to raise their shouts of final deliverance. But I will begin my tale:

Summer and winter shall come and pass away—thunder and calm shall convulse and smile upon the heavens—the spread of man and human knowledge shall be wide; and the name of the Lord shall have traveled into all lands. Wickedness shall have succeeded—a season of great wickedness—and old institutions shall have changed and passed away. But the great features of nature shall not have changed. The clear lakes of the north shall yet roll their pellucid bright waves to the tune of the piping winds, and the beautiful river that bears your traffic to the sea, shall yet sweep along beneath the shade of the sublime highlands. These hills around us, and these vales shall have kept their swellings and their indentations unimpaired; but not so the works of man. Immense cities may indeed burden the lands, and these realms may tremble under the tread of millions upon millions, whose towers of strength and piles of architectural grandeur may eclipse all that Greece or Rome ever saw—and over all the summer sun will go down a flood of inimitable glory. The thousands and millions of the beautiful stars shall break out like eyes in heaven, gushing with love for the sweet earth they are smiling upon. The harp and the viol shall sound. The bride and the bridegroom shall rejoice. The chandeliers of the theatres shall shine like terrestrial suns. The halls

of riot shall be bright. The *hells* where souls are staked on the cast of the dice, or the throw of the card, shall twinkle up with baleful dubious light, to delude the unwary, and the retreats of pollution shall be deluged with the population whose steps take hold on hell, and lead to the chambers of death. The bells of cathedrals, towers and minarets and pastions, shall chime the midnight peal—when, suddenly, a louder sound shall split the sapphire vault above creation, and a thousand thunders shall roll trumping down the eternal avenue which has now opened to the upper world. Too late now for repentance—too late now for wailing or tears, for the crazy earth hath broken her heart strings, and spins upon her maniac axle, like a giddy thing which the uncontrollable blast of furious winds is driving along A moment, and the grandest scene opens in mid-heaven that ever eye hath seen. It is the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. Oh, what will you do, my friends! for ah, you will be cold and defenceless in the graves, strewed here and there like leaves scattered in a storm, you will all lie under the grassy turf—but you will all hear his voice and come forth. Oh, how wretched you will be if you come forth to the judgment of condemnation. But see—a heavenly form breaks from the dust beneath our feet, scattering the soil of centuries from his radiant brow, and fresh in the glow of young immortality. Embury rises to the resurrection of the just. This is the day he long looked for and thought of, and warned sinners of, when he was in life. It has

come. He no longer needs a frail slab of marble to mark the spot of his grave—for now he is known, as far as immortal souls can glance their untiring eyes—as far as the accents of Jesus' voice can echo his welcome. No more he fills the strangers' grave. No more he needs the eulogy of a man he never saw. No more he labors at his trade, for he has, through the strength of the Lord Jesus, wrought out a crown of eternal life, and he now takes it from the hands of the celestial ones, who kiss his death cold brow into the warmth of a beautiful immortality. Let me die the death that I may wear the crown of Embury. Let me live the life that I may win the spirit-watched grave of my departed countryman.

Monument to Philip Embury.

ADDRESSES BY REV. O. A. BROWN, RESIDENT PASTOR, BISHOP SIMPSON, JANES AND CAMPBELL.

The assembling of the members of the National Local Preachers' Association and such eminent divines as Bishops Simpson, Janes and Campbell, Drs. Wakely, Ives and Hawley, and many others scarcely less worthy of mention, in a country village like Cambridge, would be an extraordinary event at any time. But the occasion which brought them here—the erection of a monument to perpetuate the name of Philip Embury, the founder of Methodism in America—has a significance that dwarfs every other event in the history of the valley, and marks an important period in the history of Christianity in the New World. Cambridge is indeed historic ground. One of the great battles of the Revolution was fought and won on her soil. A few weeks since her sons and daughters gathered from far and near to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her organization as a town, and to give thanks for the prosperity that had ever attended her, due in great measure to the early seed sown by Embury and other godly men. And now come the Local Preachers of the nation to do honor to the memory of the first of their number, whose labors were finished

here, and whose remains now repose in our cemetery. From the first efforts of Embury, one hundred and seven years ago—only five persons attending his first meeting in New York—this branch of the Christian church has grown to two and a half millions of communicants, and history records the fact that it is "no common dust that moulders in our soil." Though the name of Embury lived and was dear to every Methodist in the land, no suitable monument was ever erected to mark the grave of this illustrious man. This the Local Preachers resolved should no longer be. At their annual convention, two years ago, a committee, of which the Rev. D. T. Macfarlan was chairman, was appointed, which has labored unceasingly to the present time, and the result of their labors was witnessed on Monday last. In the language of the president of the convention, to the indefatigable exertions of Rev. Arthur Mooney, a member of the commmittee, is due to a considerable extent the success attending the erection of this monument.

Monday, October 20th, was the day set apart for the unveiling of the monument. A large platform had been erected in the cemetery, where the ceremonies were expected to take place, but the rain which commenced the night previous, continued to pour down through the day, compelling a resort to the church. At the hour appointed, one and a half o'clock, the church was packed, and the exercises were opened by the reading of the 15th Psalm by Rev. John Cottier, followed by the singing of the two hundred and seventh

hymn, "Lord of the Harvest Hear;" and prayer by Rev. N. W. Gossett of Indiana.

A letter to the convention from the Preachers' meeting of New York City, was read by the Secretary of the meeting, and was as follows:

To the President and Members of the Local Preachers' Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., October 20, 1873.

DEAR BRETHREN :—We have appointed and set apart this day on which to commemorate the centennial of the anniversary of the death of Rev. Philip Embury, the founder of Methodism in America. by the dedication of an obelisk to his memory.

The New York Preachers' Meeting, in full sympathy with your laudable undertaking, has, therefore appointed and instructed the undersigned to present to you its congratulations and thanks for your successful performance of the duty of a pious gratitude, the accomplishment of which will be a cause of satisfaction to more than two million Methodists on this great continent, to whom the name of Philip Embury is precious.

With you we rejoice and give glory to God for the sublime results which, under the blessings of His spirit have followed the zealous labors of Embury and his associates. Results which, in words worthy to be inscribed in granite, "Have beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of heaven."

When the sacred dust you have guarded so well shall awake in the first resurrection, may you, and we also, be caught up with him, and with millions more, saved through the blood of the Lamb, to meet the Lord, and be with him forevermore.

In behalf of the New York M. E. Preachers' Meeting.

LEVI S. WEED,
GEO. LANSING TAYLOR,
N. G. CHENEY,

New York, October 20, 1873. *Committee.*

After the reading of the foregoing, the following hymn, (composed for the occasion by Rev. F. Bottome, D. D., of New York,) was sung by the choir and congregation :

BLESS THE NAME OF EMBURY'S GOD.

God of our fathers, here we raise
A monument of grateful praise,
To bear his name who early bore
The gospel message to our shore.

No priestly fingers pressed his head,
Nor written parchments bade him speed;
But from the throne of God there came
Into his breast a hallowed flame.

The will of God his sole desire,
The souls of men his only hire,
He sought his ministry to prove
By deeds of all constraining love.

And lo ! to-day a countless throng
Bear to the winds their joyful song,
And while they march the paths he trod,
They bless the name of Embury's God.

REV. O. A. BROWN'S ADDRESS.

It is thought fitting that the pastor of the society organized by Philip Embury a hundred years ago, should introduce these exercises with a brief history of his predecessor, with a word of welcome to the thousands gathered here, and a personal tribute to his memory.

The first must of necessity be brief, for, though the circle of its influence is forever widening, very meagre

is the record of what must have been so grand a life. For the second, what can I say more to prove that you are welcome, than simply give utterance to the word as it comes from a warm and loving heart—doubly welcome since you have come to join with us in honoring the name of him whose memory we so richly cherish. And for the last, I could pay no more fitting tribute than to stand with bowed head and tearful eyes, in silence, over the grave of the departed.

An Irishman, born in Ballygaren, September 21, 1728 or 1729, was converted in 1752, and became identified with Wesleyan Methodism as a local preacher. He emigrated to America in 1760, and was the first Methodist minister in the New World. After his arrival in New York little is known of his life for the next six years. But at the end of these years he again becomes the subject of history. In 1766 he organized a class and commenced preaching, in his own home at first, then in a hired house, and shortly afterward in the "rigging loft," famous as the birthplace of Methodism in New York. God blessing his labors most abundantly, the rigging loft soon became too small to accommodate the people, and the idea of building a church was taken into prayerful consideration. The result was that in 1768, the 30th day of October, Wesley Chapel, the first Methodist Church in America, was consecrated to God. He who organized the society, continued to serve as its pastor until the following year, when he surrendered the charge to missionaries

sent out by John Wesley, and came to the county in which we now are.

I am not sure but that it was with a heavy heart he left his child to other hands. But whether so or not, he continued his labors as a local preacher, and organized a second society at Ashgrove, which, after the lapse of a century, is still living, though under another name, and three hundred strong, bids its living pastor welcome you to-day to the ceremony of unveiling a monument to its dead pastor. At Ashgrove our hero—for hero he was—labored faithfully for four years, when suddenly, like the grass he was mowing when the accident occurred which caused his death, he was cut down, and his soul returned to God who gave it, and his dust lies in our beautiful Woodland Cemetery.

In this brief historical sketch have I forgotten to name the name of the humble Irishman born at Ballygaren? If you would know that name read it there, graven with a pen of iron on that everlasting granite—Philip Embury.

It may seem strange to some that so large a place in our memory and in our hearts, is given to one who occupied so small a place in history. But it is not by the number of pages the record of his life occupies that we are to judge a man. The grandest characters are oftentimes most easily recorded, and furnish the fewest materials for history. The simple, noble, godly life of a man honored above all humanity is written in one single sentence, "Enoch walked with God." Nor is it the *how much* that is written of a man, as the *how*

good it is, upon which his immortality depends. Page after page of ponderous tomes have been filled and blotted by the record of a life, but the printed word has not been able to save from oblivion. Into the awful silence of forgetfulness the life with its record have gone. On the other hand, let it be but the history of a good life, though never so brief, if but a deed or a word be recorded, that word and that deed go singing in the hearts of men down the ages, and the memory of the life lingers a d lives, and can never die.

True, Embury occupies but a small place on the printed page, but the world is filled with the influences of the work which, under God he wrought. Outside of the few associated with him his name was unknown while he lived. But now, after the lapse of a century, that name goes flying on the wings of the wind; as swift as light it is borne to distant cities the land over, and on the morrow at many a hearthstone and in many a counting room his work will be recalled, the memory of him refreshed, and his name enshrined in the hearts of those who love the cause of our common Lord.

We know not when or how we are working for the future, for a fadeless immortality. In seeking posthumous fame men lose it. By standing in our place, and working faithfully and well, unmindful of what shall come after of honor to ourselves, we win it. Embury won it by standing where God placed him, and doing what God ordered.

One of the saddest things in this world is for one to have struggled through toils and tears to gain the ap-

plause of men, and a name that shall live after they are gone, and then dying, be forgotten by even one's own descendants. The grandest thing is to have done one's duty in a lowly way, hidden from the world's eye, and going down into the grave still live, and after a century has elapsed thousands gather to pay honor to their memory.

Forty-one years ago another assemblage might have been seen about the grave of this same man. "Not to bury the dead," as was said by the silver-tongued orator of the occasion, "not to disinter his mouldering remains, not to shed a tear over Embury dead, but to thank God that so good a man ever lived, and to rear a frail stone over his dust, which may tell his name and our reverence for his virtues for four or five generations to come." We are met again to unveil a more lasting memorial, determined that the memory of Embury shall not die, but that the everlasting granite shall tell to generations following that here lies the ashes of one known, loved and honored.

We welcome you to the old home of Embury; we welcome you to the bosom of the society he organized, now three hundred strong; we welcome you to the valley in which he lived and labored and died, and made sacred by containing his dust. A valley which, in its physical features, remains almost unchanged, so that if he were to rise to-day he would be at home, knowing in a moment which way the brook runs, singing the same old song, and which way the mountains tread, and what peaks the rising sun would first burnish with

gold. Here he lived fragrantly, here he died fragrantly, and his memory is as fragrant in this valley to-day as the breath of a summer morning.

I cannot say more. The memory of Embury is very dear to me. I reach back and grasp my mother's hand, and in doing so am joined to one of Erin's daughters. I claim a kinship with the noblest of her sons, and feel the inspiration of their lives.

Enough. I pray not for honors in life that the world can give; I pray not for a grand and mournful pageant at my burial; or when a hundred years have come and gone that thousands shall gather to unveil a lasting memorial over my sleeping dust. But I do pray, Lord Jesus, that Thou wouldst make me a worthy successor of pious Embury!

ADDRESS OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

Brethren of the Local Preachers' Association, Ministers and Members of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ—We are gathered here to-day to dwell, to some extent, on the earlier points of our history as a church, and the opening visions of the future. We are here because a monument erected is to be unveiled and dedicated on a beautiful eminence overlooking this Cambridge valley. There it stands, a shaft of granite, with the name of Philip Embury surmounted by the figure of a cross. The shaft itself is a beautiful one. It is of excellent workmanship. It appears as if it might stand for the long centuries, enduring and point-

ing heavenward, suggestive of thought, and inspiring to action.

A visit to the cemetery brings with it, to some extent, feelings of sadness. "The city of the dead" is to be our abode. We may erect for ourselves houses, and fill them with comforts of domestic life, but we shall occupy them for a few years only. The grand resting place where all that remains of us will lie, is the grave. To this you and I are hastening. Every path in human life leads to the grave; whether leading through scenes of loveliness or through scenes of woe; all point to the open tomb; and every one of us is every moment traveling toward it. We are short lived, and can adopt the words of the patriarch Jacob, "Few and evil have been the days of our pilgrimage." The most of us feel that we must die just as we have begun to know how to live. And yet, although we pass away we are not mere creatures of a moment; memory points to the past and promotes promise of the future. And not merely by personal observation and memory are we prompted and cheered; there are living voices associated with agencies, that reach our ears. We hear in spirit and in story the song of the angels as they shout for joy at the beginning of the years, in the morning of creation, and gave "Glory to God in the highest," at the ushering in of the better dispensation, and realize the fresh bursts of joy at the new movements of truth and righteousness. And we hear, in history, the voices of the heroes of the past. Not coming up as in the case of the Witch of Endor, with

mutterings and mumblings, but they come in right record, rousing us to action, and beckoning us on. We are connected with the past, with our part to perform in the present.

We come not as mourners, we shed no tears in the cemetery in view of the monument. We rejoice that Embury lived; we rejoice more that he yet lives through Jesus his life.

There is not a hand in this assembly that ever grasped his hand; or an eye that ever gazed upon his living form. And we know nothing by report of his stature or temperament, or of a single sermon preached by him. The only sentence that I know of that he spoke is this, "The best dedication of a church is the preaching of a good sermon in its pulpit."

Why has gathered this assembly? Not because we celebrate a man that by wealth had gained eminence among men. There are some such that can derange the whole moneytary matters of the country. Embury was not such a man, but loving the church of his choice and the souls of men, he labored for its good and their good. He was not even a subscriber to the first church; but he—poor and unable to give money—labored with his hands; he built the pulpit. He did what he could, and so gave as much as any one—according to the decision of the Master.

We do not gather here because he was a man of extensive influence; he was of humble origin; he lived in an obscure portion of the city. And after he left the city he came to a humble home in this vicinity. He

was a preacher, but not of distinguished excellence. As a theologian we have no doubt he was sound, but know not that he was strong. As an orator we have no record of him of any great account. But he abounded in sympathy and with tears begged his hearers to come to Christ. The record is "He wept frequently." Such binds men to us.

We are here to-day because the life of Embury is closely, indissolubly connected with the commencement and growth of the Methodist church in the United States. He was its first local minister; the pastor of the first society; a member of the first class. He preached—so far as we know—the first sermon. He organized the first society in this country.

The century has passed, and from the little society then established there has spread a vast movement. From six in the start there are now in the several branches of the Methodism, two millions and a half of communicants. Instead of a ministry of only one local, we have now nearly ten thousand traveling preachers, and nearly eleven thousand local preachers. From the one—John Street church—have come churches to the value of seventy millions of dollars. Instead of that little company without learning, or social influence, we have now seminaries, colleges, universities and theological schools, well located, in which multiplied thousands are receiving culture. Now we have wealth. As an instance of liberality, one person gave nearly two millions about a year ago near Boston, for the educational interests of the church.

We are here to-day as a family gathering. We meet members of the several branches of the family of God, as well as the several branches of Methodism. Bless God for the whole family. [Applause.] I love Methodism only so far as I believe it to be first, allegiance to Christ, and secondly, true to the church.

And now this wonderful growth has challenged the attention of the world. At first we had no press; now we meet and reporters from the metropolitan press come to note and record our doings. And the lightening carries intelligence to all parts of our land. To-morrow your meeting here to-day will be recorded in San Francisco—possibly across the ocean.

We ought to thank God that He has wrought this wonderful work; and, doubtless, we feel like singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." But, with all our joy, we should rejoice with trembling. Think of our responsibilities in view of our great numbers and means. Considering the number of our children and hearers, and communicants, all under our immediate influence, we reach the number of seven and a half millions, at least. The population of the country is thirty-eight millions. We have, therefore, one fifth of that population looking up to us for religious instruction and moral influence.

And when I look over the land and see the Sabbath desecration, and hear of fraud and defalcations in financial circles, and see how lightly the marriage tie is regarded, and remember that we are responsible for one-fifth—if not one-fourth —of the influence upon the peo-

ple, my heart almost sinks within me, and I ask: Are we doing all that we can? O! there is a great need of a bold pulpit, in the spirit of our Master, to blow the trumpet, and show the people their sins. Too few of us feel our responsibility as we should. While, therefore, we recount with gratitude what God has done for us, let us feel what is required of us.

Again, when I consider what one century has done for us, I ask, "Shall the next century do as much for us?" If we faithfully travel the paths of the itineracy; if we do our duty, the ark of God will go forward. But if we fail to exalt Christ, as our father's exalted him, and neglect to follow him, the ark of God will not move forward, and God will write us up as unworthy of our sires. May He enable us to be faithful. [Many hearty Amens.]

But we are here, not only to think of the origin and growth of Methodism, but also to note the peculiar agencies connected therewith, by which our success has been achieved. Much has been wrought through the local ministry, such ministry being peculiar to us as a church. Here we differ from other denominations. We have a ministry—the local—supporting themselves, ready to enter any opening to preach the name of Christ. In the early history of our church, there was much complaint against us for authorizing laymen to preach But to-day there is no ground for fears on this score. During the recent Evangelical Alliance, one of the ablest papers read was in favor of lay preaching The world is catching up with us in the

estimation and use of lay agency—local preaching. Such is needed for three reasons: First, the church has not a sufficient number of ministers who can spend all their time in the work of the ministry. Second, the church is not prepared to furnish sufficient means for the support of a sufficient number of men so engaged. Third, men who are not fully-professional in the ministry, can do a work that professional ministers cannot do. There are objections to more professional ministers, and their work is looked upon as merely professional. But when mechanics and others working for their living, preach the truth and invite men to Jesus, the world sees that these men have a motive that is free from selfishness.

Again, there is another power in a local ministry generally. The schools teach a classic style, and familiarity with ancient modes of thought and expression. The scholar is apt to live in the region of the past, of the old characters. But the great mass of the people know not of these things. And the minister who quotes from them talks mere Greek to those who understand it not. Such is the natural, not inevitable, tendency. But the local preacher talks to the people of which he is part. He draws his illustration from every day life, knowing the sympathies and feelings of his fellow men, and thus he sways them. There is no need of the scholar forgetting these things—Wesley did not; but such is the natural tendency. May we all follow Wesley as he followed the Master—mingle with the masses and win them to Jesus. Jesus laid aside

His crown and laid His arms under the lowest to raise them to life. May we thus minister. This is our true mission. [Applause.]

But we need the local ministry to join the masses to us. To-day, in this country, it is said that Christianity is not reaching the masses it ought to. But much of the writing on this subject is from a short-sighted view. Yet the lanes and alleys of cities are not examined as closely as they should be, and cellars and garrets need more visitation according to Christ's commission: "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

Again, we do not meet and receive foreigners as we should, in the spirit of Christians seeking to do them good. We sometimes say, "O, they are only Catholics, besotted, prejudiced," and so pass them by. But they are men, our fellow men [applause], capable of polish and Christianity. From the foreign element have come some of our brightest men. My convictions are very deep on this subject. I fear that God has a record against us because we have not received them as we should. Remember how we received the African to our shores—in chains—and we have paid for it in blood. And we are now acting in an unchristian manner to the poor Chinese.

The local preachers are needed to-day as much as they ever were. Some think that the necessity has passed away, but such is a mistake. We need such local preachers as Embury was, not merely licensed, but working. Too many rest in the mere license with-

out the work. Many such grow less, and the good grow greater. [Amen, Amen.]

Embury commenced preaching on his arrival in this region, and preached sixty miles north of this, and organized a society. And whenever he could find men to hear the unsearchable riches of Christ, he was ready to preach. Oh! let us make a covenant to be such ministers [Many Amens.]

I notice that Methodism in its spirit has been a protest against formalism and ritualism. I have no faith in any society that merely occupies a negative position. We need to be positive. It is only on the broad basis of sympathy that we are a living protest against ritualism. So was Luther and other great reformers. Methodism in the start invited every man, woman and child to come on the platform and work for the good of their fellows. There is a curious fact in relation to ritualism. Mr. Wesley sent us a form with prayer book somewhat modified from that of the established English church. And Wesley sent over ministers in the clerical garment, and Asbury and Coke wore such costume in the conference and pulpit, and our people received the same and used them for a time. Yet without any resolution passed against them they—forms and fashions—passed away, because the preachers found many people that had no prayer books, and saw the need of getting along without such; and they had no room for that which was useless in their saddle bags. They went to convert the world, and had to drop every weight and run the race set before them.

Thus the forms failed, not from opposition, but from providential promptings to a more operative path.

At the time that the first church was built in John Street, New York, there was a law that no church should be built but under certain restrictions which would have been absolute hindrances, to evade which it was necessary to build a fireplace, so as to have the building resemble a dwelling. The first Methodist church was a house with a fireplace in it. [Applause.] A place where a fire might be built, and where a fire was built. [Hearty shouts and amens.] And this fire has been burning ever since, and the angels have fed the flame and infused energy. May every church have such a fire. [Amen, amen.]

And then again, that the power of God may have full display, there must be some visible mark which shall indicate the Divine Presence. A church can only grow as the people recognize such presence—that God is there. That recognition we must have to have power over humanity. In the Catholic church there is that which deeply affects the hearts of the people. In the offering of the mass the devout Catholic does believe that when the mass is lifted up the elements are changed into the body and blood of Christ, and that He is really there. He recognizes the presence of God. And if I so believed, I, too, would bow. The human heart wants to find God. And where He is there will I go. I care not for mere forms. There are devout Christians among Catholics, and with this idea

they cling to their church. They believe it to be the audience chamber of Jehovah.

Now, what is there in Protestant churches that will equal this? In the High church they believe in the apostolic succession and bestowment of divine unction in ordination, with divine power passing to the ordained. In the Baptist church there is a strange fancy that somehow there is a power gathering around the sacrament of baptism. I. Methodism there is no elevation of the host, nor apostolic succession, nor peculiar form of baptism, we leaving the candidates to choose for themselves. But it has the warmth of earnest piety that calls the sinner to the altar, and as he bows his soul is freed from sin. He rises shouting that God has pardoned his sins. For this others come and seek to find God and gain His smile. Early Methodism was remarkable for such meetings. Such is far better than fine churches where there are not conversions; the people will not go there. When our fathers preached, often multitudes bowed as grain before the breeze; divine presence was there. Just as long as God shall pour out His spirit upon our altars in the conversion of souls, so long will we prosper and have power with the people. Let men call us enthusiasts if they will, but the only way to promote the growth of the church, is to have this fire on the altar. Methodism has worked in this way from Embury down to our day. There is another point in Embury's life—God has connected us with the races of mankind. Embury's ancestors were from the Rhine, from whence they were

driven by persecution to Ireland, where their posterity sank into sin. Mr. Wesley went and preached in their neighborhood and some of them were converted. Visiting there, I saw some of the relatives of Barbara Heck, and the room where Wesley preached. In 1752 Embury was converted. He was an Irishman, and a German Irishman. He came to this country and preached to Irishmen and to Germans, and Methodism has greatly spread among them. We have sent help to the college in Belfast, Ireland, and Germany has not been forgotten; our missionaries are over the Rhine. Just before the breaking out of the war, I held a Conference just where the ancestors of Embury were driven from by persecution. The reaction is wonderful, God is acting. Germany enlarged her borders, and light is spreading, and the "Man of Sin" is seeing his crown about slipping from his head.

In the same spirit that Embury preached, we are going to preach in all parts of the world, hoping for its full conversion. I am glad to know of your fixed purpose to work for Christ. May not the spirit of Embury, of Asbury, of Wesley and others, be ready to join our ascription of praise. They are as clouds of witnesses of our work; in their presence let us address ourselves fully to it.

In ancient times the young men vowed in the presence of the images of the good, to imitate them. Let us similarly vow to greater earnestness in our race for usefulness and heaven. May we dedicate ourselves completely in the presence and memory of the good

martyrs, apostles, prophets and in the light of our Sovereign Saviour. Let us covenant to be better men and better ministers, and plead for Divine power. And as the mantle of Elijah fell as he ascended in the chariot of fire, so may the Holy Spirit fall on us and fit us for our work.

At the close of the Bishops' masterly and thrilling effort, which was received with great applause, the assemblage rose and sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," after which Bishop Janes spoke briefly and tersely.

BISHOP JANES' ADDRESS.

Mr. President. Words to be fitly spoken must be spoken at the right time. Many words from me now would be out of time. Our discipline speaks against works of supererogation; an additional speech of any length would be such a work.

The monument that we expect soon to unveil, is more in commemoration of an event, than for the purpose of perpetuating the name or fame of a man. It is true that the name is carved on that granite; a name that is precious to us all; a name that we love to honor; that coming generations will revere; a name that is now honored in heaven I believe. There has not been too much said to-day in exaltation of that name. And yet the event which is associated with the man is of far greater significance. As we look upon the monument to-day, and as others shall look upon it in the time to come, the event will not be considered sec-

ondary to the man, but the man secondary to the event. The event was the organization of Methodism in this country. So it is in the case of the miracle wrought at the Red sea, which stands recorded as a monument, not to magnify Moses but to commemorate God's deliverance of his people from their enemies. Bunker Hill monument reminds us of our country's early victory. And when we read of Mary's telling the disciples of the resurrection of our Lord, we do not notice Mary mainly, but the Master conquering death. And the sacrament of the Lord's supper is the imperishable monument of our Lord's love, in his death, and we show forth His death in its observance until the end of the world, having reference to the great event rather than the mere sacrament.

So to-day in dedicating this monument for the purpose for which it has been prepared, it is not so much to signalize in history the name of man, as it is to say to the world, God by an Embury has raised up this church to the world. And hereafter, whoever as a christian man, with a christian heart, and with intelligence, looks upon that monument, will scarcely read the name before his thoughts will go back to the event, and be led up to that God from whom is our salvation and every good gift.

I believe that the cause of truth is to become mightier and mightier in coming time, and I trust that there will be found power enough in this state to overwhelm all intemperance, infamy and crime.

I will now simply refer to a few reflections passing through my mind as I looked upon the monument to-day.

Humble services oftentimes lead to greatest results. So in the case of Embury. It is probable that none of us can start as great a work as he did; but we know not what is possible for God to do with us when we are humble and faithful. Some little boy or girl benefitted through our instrumentality may greatly benefit the world and the church. There are dark lands yet to-day. God hasten the time when there will be an Embury in every land. [Many amens.] And if we only are instrumental in saving an ordinary soul, such will be of priceless cost and value.

There should be more labor for souls in country and city, among the poor and neglected. God does not generally look for instrumentalities among the wealthy, but among the families of the godly poor.

If I were to sketch a successor of Embury, I would not go among the pastors of churches for a model, or among the learned; but I would go to the individual that could tell of having been converted from death unto life, that had genius and inspiration enough to find his place, and set himself to work when he got there. There was no Bishop to find Embury his place; God guided him, and God will guide every man that has the same spirit and purpose. Brethren, your place is to preach to the poor; there is no higher place in work than this. This seems to be work peculiar to the

local ministry, and they may be as honored successors of Embury as may be found.

Paul said, "These hands have ministered unto my necessities;" so many of you, have to say. But the power that Paul had may be yours also, [applause] and crown your labors with great success. May the the fire of holy baptism descend richly upon you. [Shouts and amens.]

"The poor have the gospel preached unto them." Amen, now as ever. [Amen, amen.] And if you could only preach in your own house, and to as small a congregation as did Embury, even then you could do something for God and humanity. But in order to do this you must work. You will backslide if you do not do it. Aid the pastors, but have work of your own on hand.

With these views it is fitting that we dedicate the monument to the memory of our beloved brother, and to the glory of God, and dedicae ourselves to His work. God give us of His blessing, and guide us in all our ways. [Many amens.]

At the close of the Bishop's address the following letters from different Bishops, Clarence Embury, a relative, and President Grant were read:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., October 8, 1873.

SIR :—The President desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the exercises of the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Philip Embury on the 20th inst., and in reply to convey to you his sincere thanks for your kindness, and his regrets that his engagements will prevent his acceptance.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

LEVI P. LUCKEY, Secretary.

To Rev. D. T. Mcfarlan, Yonkers, N. Y.

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35 *West Thirty-seventh Street, New York City, October* 4, 1873.

REV. DANIEL T. MACFARLAN, CHAIRMAN, ETC., SIR:—In the absence of my father, your favor of October 2, containing your tnoughtful and cordial invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument to Philip Embury, was received by me. My father is at present in the South and I doubt if he will return in time to be present at Cambridge on the 20th. Should he, however, return in time I have no doubt but that he will accept with pleasure the invitation extended to him.

Owing to the infirmities attendant on old age, Mr. Philip Embury, (now in his 83d year), is unable to say positively that he will be present, but if his health permit he will.

Thanking you for your kindness in their behalf, as well as that of the family, I am, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

CLARENCE U. EMBURY.

Tennessee Conference, Tallahema, Tenn., October 29, 1873.

REV. A. MOONEY, DEAR SIR:—I should be happy to be with you did my engagements permit on the occasion of dedicating the monument to the memory of the Asbury of the local preachers—Philip Embury. It is to your honor that the order in the church which he led has been perpetuated as vigorously as that of the itinerancy, which those of another class organized soon after his beginning of our church. May both be alike vigorous and even more so for centuries to come and may your memorial stone continue to that distant day.

Truly Yours,

G. HAVEN.

Des Moines, Iowa, October 13, 1873.

Rev. T. D. Macfarlan, Dear Brother:—Distance and other engagements will prevent my acceptance of your courteous invitation to be present at the unveiling of the Embury monument on the 20th inst. I am heartily glad of the honor you are about to confer on the first preacher of Methodism in the new world, and trust that the occasion may be of great pleasure and profit.

Most Truly Yours,

E. G. Andrews.

St. Louis, Mo., October 13, 1873.

Dear Brother:—Yours of the 2d instant has just come to hand. My engagements in Colorado and Kansas are such that I cannot do myself the pleasure of being at your interesting services. Hope you will have a good time.

Thos. Bowman.

To Rev. Daniel Macfarlan.

Dr. Ives, by request, then sung "A Hunred Years Ago," to the tune of "Old John Brown," the audience and organ joining in the chorus. The doxology and benediction followed. The rain having ceased, the assemblage proceded to the cemetery and formed a circle around the monument. "Coronation" was then sung, and Bro. Tasker prayed. Mr. Kimball, the sculptor, unwound the cords, and Bishop Janes loosened the canvas which fell and disclosed the shapely stone. The notes of "Old Hundred" echoed from hill to hill, and Bishop Simpson pronounced a blessing upon the human circle.

At this juncture an aged woman entered the closed space, supported on either side. Brother Macfarlan

hushed the dispersing spectators and informed them that in their midst stood Mrs. Wilson, the great niece of Philip Embury, and her son. They had come from their home near Rochester to witness the honoring of their ancestor, and were at once the lions of the scene. All hastened, from Bishop down, to shake the venerable lady's hand, fancying that it was warmed by some portion of Embury's blood. Thus fitly ending the doings at the tomb.

In the evening the church was again densely packed. Rev. T. T. Tasker spoke on behalf of the Local Preachers, narrating instances of usefulness and God's blessing through their instrumentality, closing with exhortation and encouragement.

Dr. J. B. Wakely, of New York, the well known Methodist historian, was next introduced, and addressed the meeting. His address was very lengthy, and exceedingly interesting, relating to the life of Embury and the early history of old Cambridge, bringing out many prominent characters of the old town, whose descendants are still among us. No extract would do it justice. It will be published in full in next week's *Post*, and the address of Rev. John N. Maffitt, from which he largely quoted, the week following.

The meeting was concluded with an address from Bishop Campbell, (colored) of Philadelphia. Though late, the Bishop, by his matchless eloquence and brilliant thought, held the audience spell bound a half hour longer. He spoke, in substance, as follows:

BISHOP CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Campbell, of the African Methodist church, said he would confine himself to a very short time. The call was unexpected to say a word at the close of the meeting. I have been overwhelmed to-day. It is certainly the greatest day I have ever seen. I have been trying to think when I have heard in one day, in succession, so many discourses super-excellent, and I cannot tell when, for my life. This is the biggest day just out that I ever saw. I am very glad that the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting sent me here to represent them. I belong to this Methodist family. The African Methodists never were seceders, but an offshoot, a branch of the church that can at any time be re-absorbed [applause] without any injury to her body.

I see things in this light, and I read in the good old Book that somehow or other the Lord makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

Old Mother Heck was one of the great actors in the world's great drama, to be played in full completion in this great country, the best theatre which He had held in reserve, hiding it from the world, until the world was ready for liberty, freedom from religious and political oppression. In due time this new world was found, and in due time the Mayflower found her way here. Here were the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japheth. Here, where the sons of Japheth found the sons of Shem, in the aborigines, they brought the sons of Ham, and held them in bondage for just two hundred and fifty years—the same number as in the case of the bondage

of the Israelites in Egypt. Then was the African delivered and set free. The heart of the American people was ever on the side of liberty, as far as understood in idea and way of working, notwithstanding the existence of slavery for a time, blinding the good and brutally used by the bad. I believe that this great evil, allowed by God, has been overruled by Him, and will result more and more for the good of Africa. Here descendants of Africa are being fitted as its best missionaries. We are now calling and qualifying for this their work, and our young men are eager for it. "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hand unto God." Here the sons of Sham are coming and will be fitted for the same kind of work, for their kind and countries. The Chinese are imitating us, and will carry our spirit and work out our plans among their own people.

There is but one race with different types. And these types have been masters of the world in turn. The descendants of Ham were masters at first for several generations. Egypt was in her glory, and Ethiopia and Abyssinia and Phœnicia, peopled by the descendants of Ham, taught and swayed the world. [Applause prolonged.] But because they were not faithful in the right use of this mastery, as they should have been, they were set aside, and Shem became the master, they as Nebuchadnezzar's head of gold predominated. But Shem played out, and was followed by the mastery in the hands of the sons of Japheth. The Macedonians took the kingdom, and after the kingdom of brass the kingdom of iron, followed with the

mixed clay and iron in the kingdom of Jesus, more fully in development an inauguration in this country, with no distinction of color, condition of race, but all one in Jesus Christ.

This is a day of great instrumentalities. Soon the Sunday-school will be considered as an important part of the church, not merely as an auxiliary. And the local preachers are becoming more and more a power, working for Jesus, for God and humanity.

The American people have a great work on hand to finish. Here each nationality will furnish, mainly, missionaries for their own evangelization. The Chinese for China; the Japanese for Japan; the German for Germany; the African for Africa.

May we each and all be faithful, and God bless us in our individual, national and world work. [Shouts of amen, heartily.]

Dr. Wakely's Address.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY J. B. WAKELY, D. D., OF NEW YORK, IN THE M. E. CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1873.

Auspicious is the day and sublime the occasion that has summoned us together. We are living in the manhood of the world. Never did its great heart beat and throb as it does now. We travel by steam; we do our correspondence by lightening, and take life-like portraits by sun beams.

This is an age of intensity. On the world's broad and lofty banner *Progress* is written in capital letters. We are moving forward so rapidly that we scarcely have time to look back, though it is both our duty and interest to do so. Inspiration says, "Inquire, I pray thee of the former age."

Mankind appears to be divided into classes; First, those who live wholly in the past; second, those who live wholly in the present; third, those who live wholly in the future.

Do any inquire, Who was Philip Embury? What was he? What did he do that he should have a monument more than others? Was he a person of collossal mind—of imperial intellect? No! Was he a person

of noble origin, descending from a long line of honorable ancestors? No! Was he a man of superior education, who made great attainments in science? No! Was he a man of superlative eloquence, silver-tongued, whose speech distilled like dew, and the gentle rain upon the new mown grass? No! Is Philip Embury to have a monument because he was a local preacher? No! There have been a great many local preachers worthy of monuments. Is it because he was from Ireland? No! A great many have come from that almost enchanted island who were worthy of monuments. Is it because he aided in the erection of a church edifice? No! A great many have aided in the erection of church edifices. Why then do you erect a monument to perpetuate his name? When you have heard his history and his character, you will have an answer to that question.

If I was going to have a theme it would be Philip Embury and his contemporaries. Philip Embury was born at Ballygaren, Ireland, in 1730. Ireland is celebrated for the romance and chivalry of her early history. Ireland is distinguished for her beauty; she is the "Emerald Isle." Distinguished for her patriots, her poets, her orators. Ireland has furnished us with many splendid men and splendid preachers. Mr. Wesley spent six years of his valuable life there; and some one inquired why he was spending so much time in Ireland. He answered, "Have patience and Ireland will pay you all." Has not Ireland repaid all, and a thousand times

more, in pioneers, in historians, in preachers, in orators and in commentators?

Philip Embury was a descendant of the Palatines. It is a singular fact that Philip Embury and Thomas Walsh, the great Hebrew scholar, were both of the same age, and both went to the same school to the apostle of Methodism in Ballygaren—Philip Guier—and they both received their early religious impression from him. Philip Embury was a good English scholar, a good penman, as his handwriting shows. His father was poor and he was an apprentice to a carpenter, and soon learned to handle the plane, the saw, the hammer, and the adze. He became an accomplished workman. In looking at him who would have thought he was training to build, with his own hands, the first Methodist church edifice on the American continent. On what small things depend the fate of men, of churches, of nations!

Philip Embury was converted to God in 1752. He wrote an account of it on a fly-leaf of a small volume. I read it with intense interest, and had a *fac-simile* engraved. It read as follows:

"On Christmas day, being Monday, 25th of Ducember, in the year 1752, the Lord shone into my soul by a glimpse of his redeeming love, being an earnest of my redemption in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen. PHIL. EMBURY."

The following are on the back of the same page:

"Bro. John Embury, Died on the 7th day of April, 1764, between 10 & 11 o'Clock in the morn, Saturday."

"My Bro. Peter Embury, Died on the 24th of October, 1765, about 3 o'Clock in the morning."

This is an important document, one of priceless value. He writes the account in a full, large, plain hand, and his signature to it is as bold as John Hancock's to the Declaration of Independence. It takes us back to the time and place when from above he first received the pledge of love. What an hour that was in his history! What an hour in the history of the church! There, then the apostle of American Methodism was converted, and his name written in the Book of Life.

Embury, after his conversion, became a local preacher and a helper, and the year of his conversion he became acquainted with John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who visited that part of the country where Embury lived. Philip Embury was very useful in Ireland. It was chiefly through his influence that the first Methodist church among the Palatines was erected at Court Metrass, in 1758, and he did much of the work on that chapel with his own hands. He was married the 27th of November, 1758, to Mary Switzer.

Philip Embury had a good record in his native land. He did not leave his country for his country's good. It was at a time when there was a great emigration from Ireland to America, and he and a number of families sailed from Limerick for the new world. Before sailing it is said Philip Embury preached a farewell sermon, standing on the deck of the vessel. The scene was peculiarly affecting. Then hands were uplifted, and handkerchiefs waved, and tears flowed. They were soon out of sight of friends and out of sight of Ireland. He was ready to say :

Farewell to the land of my birth,
To the scenes I cannot but love;
To the nearest and dearest on earth,
Till we meet in the mansions above.

That vessel contained a precious cargo. On board of that humble vessel was a germ of Methodism in America. It contained the seeds of a wonderful harvest. Did the Mayflower contain a more valuable cargo? Think of the influences that Embury set in motion, that will extend while the sun and moon endure!

They landed in New York, August 10th, 1760. There were no Methodists in America, none in the city of New York. Mr. Embury was then a stranger in a strange land. He was of a very humble, retiring disposition. A plain man, an humble carpenter, naturally diffident; and, strange to tell, the most wonderful part of the whole history is this: From that time he buried his talents till in 1766, in October, he was aroused by an aged matron, an elderly lady, who told him he must preach to them or they would all go to hell together! It thrilled his soul like the sound of the archangel's trump. It was like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. It was like an earthquake shock. He said he had no place to preach. She told him to preach in his own house and she would secure him an audience.

He did so. The audience consisted of five. This was the first Methodist sermon in America. There the foundation of the temple of American Methodism was

laid. There the tree of American Methodism was planted with prayer and watered with tears, that has taken deep root, enlarged its trunk, extended its branches, till it overshadows the whole land. And though the winds of persecution blew against it, and the lightning scathed it, its leaf is green, and millions sit under its shade with delight, and partake of its delicious fruit. Then and there the handful of Methodist corn was planted in the earth, on the top of the mountain. "The fruit has shaken like Lebanon, and they of the city are as grass." It was there the sun of Methodism first rose on the western world, gilding the mountain top, then shining in the valley, and which has been going on ever since from its morn to its meridian, and is now shining in full-orbed splendor!

I hold in my hand the oldest record of Methodism in America. It was lost for many years. It gives us the early history of American Methodism. It introduces us to Philip Embury, and we see what part he took in laying the foundation of American Methodism. We have his own handwriting, his receipts for work done on the preaching house. We are introduced to all the subscribers to the preaching house, with Mr. Embury's name in the "preamble." We are introduced to Captain Thomas Webb. We have his handwriting. Captain Webb fought side and side with Embury the battles of the Lord. We are introduced to Robert Williams, whose passage over from the old world was paid by Thos. Ashton; to Richard Boardman and to Joseph Pilmoo, Wesley's first missionaries; to Asbury

and Wright, to Rankin and Shadford, to James Dempster, and many others. It gives us floods of light where we had not a single ray. It ought to be more precious to our church than gold, silver, or diamonds. It should be as valuable to us as a church, as a volume of records of the Mayflower, if it could be discovered, would be to the nation. We have in the Bible a book called the "Acts of the Apostles." One said he was glad it was called the acts, the doings, and not the resolutions of the apostles. So this book may be called the "Acts of the first Methodists of America." The acts of Embury and Webb and their contemporaries. But little was known about Embury till this volume was discovered. We are not only introduced to Embury, but we see the conspicuous part he bore in the erection of the first Methodist Temple in America. We have receipts in his own handwriting for work done on the preaching house. We have the original lease for the site of John Street Church, which was given to him. He is mentioned in the preamble to the subscription for the new church. "And as Philip Embury is a member and a helper in the gospel, they humbly beg the association of Christain friends, in order to enable them to build a small house, not doubting but the God of all grace will abundantly bless all such as are willing to contribute to the same." In this preamble his name stands out as conspicuous as the sun in the heavens. He is not only a member but a helper in the gospel.

Again, we find from this book that he was the first treasurer, and he was intrusted with the funds. That

is not all: he was the earliest who ever circulated Methodist literature, for he sold reprinted sermons—of Mr. Wesley's no doubt, and paid the money for them, one pound and four shillings, March, 1770. There are single entries in the old book. Robert Williams had arrived from Ireland, and we read, "October 17, 1767. To cash paid Mr. Newton for three pair of stockings for Mr. Williams and Mr. Embury, £1, 7s, 9d." Under the same date, "To cash paid Mr. Embury to buy clothes, £10." The last time his name is mentioned is April 10, 1770. "To cash paid Philip Embury to buy a concordance, £2, 5s." This all shows the esteem in which this man of God was held. The concordance may have been a present they wished to make him just before he left, in remembrance of his valuable services, for he had preached to them gratuitously.

We have not time to go into the rigging loft where he preached after he left his house. Here they were surprised and somewhat alarmed at the appearance of a British officer, but they were overjoyed to see him kneel down and exhibit a devotional spirit. It proved to be Captain Thomas Webb of the British army, one of the noblest of noble men the great God ever made. He had been converted in England under John Wesley. He was a local preacher, a man of enterprise, a man of means, a splendid orator, a kind of Demosthenes. In him Embury found a helpmate indeed. I doubt whether the church would have been built at that time had it not been for Captain Thomas Webb. Embury

was timid, Webb was courageous. Webb's name first appears on the subscription list for thirty pounds. After wonderful effort the church edifice was erected, Embury doing most of the carpenter's work, and building the pulpit with his own hands. Mr. Embury preached the dedication sermon, October 30, 1768. Thus he had the immortal honor of dedicating the first Methodist temple in the new world. It was called "Wesley Chapel," the first temple named in honor of the founder of Methodism.

At what time did Philip Embury remove to Camden Valley? It must have been in the early part of 1770. Robert Williams having arrived, and Wesley's regular missionaries, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, he saw no necessity for his remaining there to preach, so he removed to Camden Valley, which was then one vast wilderness. He went with Abram Bininger, who was a Moravian minister, and several of his own countrymen. Mr. Embury had several brothers. John died in New York in 1764; Peter in 1765. His brother David accompanied him to Camden Valley. In April, Philip Embury was in New York, for on the tenth of April, 1770, they gave him money to buy a concordance, which, no doubt, was a farewell present, and he left soon after, for in August of that year his brother David went from Camden Valley to New York City to transact some business connected with the preaching house. I have no doubt that Philip was unable to go, and he sent his brother David. Therefore I find in the old book the following receipt:

"Received, New York, 13th of August, 1770, of Mr. William Lupton, five pounds, in full, being allowed me for loss of time and traveling expenses in coming from Camden, in the County of Albany, to New York, in order to execute an instrument relative to the Methodist preaching house.

DAVID EMBURY."

It shows that Philip Embury was then in Camden. It shows his importance to the infant church. To David he no doubt gave the power of attorney to act in his name. Then as he came to Camden Valley in the spring of 1770, and died August, 1773, he spent only three years in Camden Valley and Ashgrove, and during that time he was clearing his land and building his house, and yet he found no time to be idle. He accomplished much during the three years. He preached in America only three years. As a preacher he is said to have been one of moderate talents. He was more of a son of consolation than of thunder. Webb was a son of thunder. Embury was a weeping prophet. His sermons were steeped in tears. His nephew John, said his uncle Philip was a powerful preacher. He not only preached in Camden Valley but also in Ashgrove. This was settled mostly by noble hearted Irishmen from his native land. Thomas Ashton was the patriarch. Ashgrove was so called in honor of him. He paid the passage of Robert Williams to America. He was the preachers' friend. A volume might be written concerning him. He had a large heart and a noble soul. Philip Embury formed a society at Ashgrove in 1770, which was the first formed north of New York, and of course the first within the limits of the Troy Conference. They were fif-

teen years without a preacher. That vine continued to flourish so they had a preacher in 1783 called to Cambridge circuit. That year they built a church at Ashgrove, and that became a great Methodist centre. Honorable mention might be made not only of Thomas Ashton but John Baker, the Armitages, Fishers and others.

Mr. Embury died at the early age of forty-three or forty-five. Time had not whitened his locks or wrinkled his cheeks, or palsied his hand, or bent his frame, or chilled his heart. He was in the prime of manhood, in the meridian of life. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. He fell suddenly, but he fell at his post—died with his armor on; fell on the field of battle, sword in hand, fresh with recent fight. Bishop Asbury makes honorable mention of Philip Embury. He informs us that "he was a magistrate, that he was greatly loved and deeply lamented."

Twice Bishop Asbury held a conference at Ashgrove. First in 1803, the second in 1805. The first at John Baker's. He spoke of the place as "prettily environed with hills, a carpet of green spread beneath, and fields that promise abundant harvest." He admired this section of the country, and delighted to visit it. I have in my possession a letter that Thomas Ashton wrote, inviting the New York Conference to hold its session here in 1801. The conference held its session in 1803, but Ashton was in his grave. Bishop Asbury, the last year of his life, a few (nine) months before his death, visited Ashgrove for the last time.

It was on Saturday, the 9th of June, 1815, he says, at Cambridge. The next day he preached at Ashgrove. I have in my possession his last mite subscription to aid poor preachers, he took around this continent. On it are the names of fourteen hundred, and among others the names of a number of the members at Ashgrove, with the amount they gave. Some of their descendants may be here and I will name them: John Baker, William Nicholson, Chauncey Whitney, Joseph Armitage, William Norton, John Fisher, George Fisher, Warren Norton, John Armitage, Catherine McKain, Daniel Carpenter.

Philip Embury died suddenly, having injured himself while mowing. His old friend, Rev. Abram Bininger, was with him in life's last lingering hours, smoothing his pillow of agony, wetting his parched lips, and he prayed with him, and commended him to Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." He was with him when he crossed the narrow stream; he closed his eyes; he put the muffler around his cheeks, and put on him his last dress. Then he preached his funeral sermon, and laid him quietly to rest in his own graveyard. Till I visited it I thought it was a dreary place, but I found it was most beautiful. The Camden Valley in which he was laid is most enchanting. Here his dust slept till May, 1832, without a monument or tombstone to tell where the apostle of Methodism was sleeping. There was a tall tree that grew over his grave, which was the only monument, as if to reprove the negligence of others. Years passed away, and the tree bowed

under the hand of time, and that is the last piece of the stump. It was presented to me by General A. M. Bininger in 1856. Embury slept in that grave for fifty-nine years. Rev. John Newland Maffit, a great Irish pulpit orator preaching in Troy, heard that Philip Embury was sleeping without a monument. He loved him, for he was an Irishman; he loved him for his works' sake, and he, with a number of others, resolved he should have a monument. When the time came for the removal of the remains and the erection of the monument, General Bininger accompanied Mr. Maffit. He put up at the old Bininger house, where Abram Bininger, the friend of Embury, lived and died. It was near the graveyard where Embury was buried. In the night the family heard Mr. Maffit go out. He remained a long time and they became alarmed. They went out in search of him, and they found him prostrate on the grave of Embury, weeping and praying. The scene was wonderfully affecting. There under the arch of the heavens, with the stars twinkling over his head, and the night winds blowing upon him, and the night dews falling on the grave of one whose face he never saw, lay the prostrate weeping minister. The next day there was quite a large gathering, and they dug up his remains. The dust had returned to dust, all but the bones and skull. Mr. Maffit handled the bones and the skull. He said the skull was very large, indicating a large brain. Then the remains were put into a coffin, and that was put into a hearse, and the large procession started for the burying ground at

Ashgrove. Mr. Maffit headed the procession, riding in the carriage of Gen. A. M. Bininger, who rode with him, and they started for Ashgrove. There was an immense throng, the people having come from many miles around. Standing by the new made grave at Ashgrove, and by the coffin that contained Embury's remains, Mr. Maffit delivered one of the most eloquent orations that ever fell from the lips of man. It was enough to have immortalized any man. Mr. Maffit far outdid himself. It was his masterpiece. He gives but few historical facts, nothing of his biography, of his history in Ireland or America—only he was from Ireland and was the founder of American Methodism. I wish I had time to quote it all. But time will allow me to quote only the first sentence, one which I have never seen equalled for beauty: "The genius of History stands over the broken ruins of Time, and restores the faded images of the past, as a painter would retouch the work of some ancient master. Time hath a hasty step, and leaves his deepest track in the place of graves."

They buried Embury in Ashgrove because it was Methodist classic ground. Several preachers were buried there. Rev. David Noble, a local preacher from Ireland, and Rev. David Brown from Ireland, a traveling preacher. Then there was his friend and brother, Thomas Ashton, who was one of the original members and one of the main pillars, and he had given the ground for a Methodist cemetery. And there was buried the original members of the society Mr. Embury

formed; and there was John Baker and the Armitages, and the Fishers, and others who were from his native land. After they had placed his remains in his new made grave, they placed over it a monument with a beautiful inscription written by Mr. Maffit:

"PHILIP EMBURY.
The earliest American minister, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, here found his last resting place."

It is forty-one years since this eloquent oration was delivered by the great Irish pulpit orator. John Newland Maffit has slept for twenty-three years. Humanity weeps, religion mourns, eloquence sighs over the lonely, neglected, tombless grave of John Newland Maffit. There is not a slab—no stone, no monument, to tell where the great orator is laid.

In 1859 I was invited, by Gen. A. M. Bininger, grandson of the old Moravian minister, who preached the funeral sermon of Philip Embury, to visit Cambridge, Ashgrove and Camden Valley. He took me in his own carriage, and we went to Camden Valley, and visited the grave yard where Philip Embury was first buried—a place of rare beauty. Then we went and found the old house in which Philip Embury died. I had peculiar feelings when in it. I thought, this is the place where the founder of American Methodism exchanged mortality for immortality. From this place he went to the house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. Here Philip Embury conquered death. Here he laid his body down in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. I begged a rafter, from

which some rules were made. We then went to Ashgrove, where Philip Embury's dust was then sleeping. I there wandered among the tombs. Never shall I forget that visit, so full of interest.

Embury had slept in the grave in Camden Valley, where he was first buried, fifty-nine years. Then he was in the grave at Ashgrove thirty-four years, and in 1866--just one hundred years from the time he commenced his mighty work in America--his remains were borne here where he will sleep, undisturbed, till the the Lord himself shall descend with a shout—the voice of the archangel. Embury slept at Ashgrove from May 1832 till April 1866, and as this splendid cemetery had been laid out, and a plot of rare beauty presented in which to bury the remains of Embury, and as this was more central than Ashgrove, they removed his bones to this place, where they were buried. It was when the Troy Conference was in session at this place, and eloquent addresses were made by Rev. Bishop Janes and Rev. S. D. Brown. The removal was done by a committee of the Troy Conference, the conference attending.

Philip Embury's old family Bible, from which he took his text when he preached the dedication of the John Street church—the first Methodist church edifice in America—his son Samuel gave to Rev. Peter Reed. He prized it more highly than gold. It is a splendid relic and ought to be preserved. Embury handled it, Embury read it, Embury wept over it, Embury preached from it. Blessed old book! Precious relic of by-gone

days! It is singular that recently a portrait of Philip Embury and his wife have been discovered, and it has been photographed and now you can see the image of Philip the carpenter, Philip the pioneer, Philip the founder, Philip the magistrate, Philip the evangelist; also the image of his excellent wife Mary, who early chose the good part that was not taken away from her.

We see from the history of Philip Embury, that American Methodism was peculiarly a child of Providence. As sure as God directed the pilgrim fathers to America to lay the foundation of a republic, so sure he prompted Embury and Webb and Strawbridge to come to this country. Methodism was introduced into America by men who came to this country without any such design. It was foreign to all their intentions. Unconsciously they were laying the foundations of a church as large as an empire, and one that would span a continent. How Embury and his contemporaries, if they should rise from the dead, would be astonished at the result of their labors! The first message Professor Morse sent over the telegraph wires was "What has God wrought." So we may say in looking at the result of their labors, "What has God wrought?" And looking at the magnificent results we cannot but exclaim, "This is the finger of God." We should cherish the memory of our fathers. They have labored, we enter into their labors. How deeply we are indebted to Embury and his noble compeers. What an invaluable legacy they have left us. Let us erect for them monuments to perpetuate their memory; let them have

monuments in our hearts, let their names and deeds be enshrined in our very hearts' core. Let us record their virtues, let us speak their praises in the assembly of saints; let us tell our children, and our children's children tell it to the generation following:

> "O'er the bones of the bold
> Be the story long told;
> And on the churches' golden tablets
> Their triumphs enrolled."

Let the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story. Philip Embury sleeps in an honored grave, and has a monument worthy of him. Soft be the turf that covers him, green the grass that grows over him, and quiet his slumbers! Ah! he will not always sumber there! Legions of angels cannot confine him there. The morning is coming that knows no evening, "when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptable shall put on incorruption," when Embury shall start at the sound of the trump and rise to life immortal.

We see how deeply we are indebted to the founders of Methodism. To the woman who stirred up Philip Embury and "introduced a system that has beautified the earth with salvation, and increased the joys of heaven." Blessed woman! Wherever the history of the church is read, this that thou hast done shall be spoken as a memorial of thee. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Let the women of the present day learn a lesson and follow her example. I wish the women understood their power

and influence, and they would soon see that the hand that rocks the cradle, rocks the world.

We see we owe Ireland a great debt. We see how deeply we are indebted to local preachers—Embury was a local preacher—so was Webb, so was Strawbridge. All honor to those men who laid the foundation of American Methodism! May you and the local preachers connected with the National Association, be baptised with the spirit of Embury and catch his falling mantle! Look up and exclaim, "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

I think it well that you unveil this monument and inaugurate it in October, in autumn, when the sun is shining in autumnal beauty; for it was in October John and Charles Wesley first sailed for America, in 1735. It was in October 1766, Philip Embury preached the first Methodist sermon in America, in his own hired house. It was October 30th, 1768, Philip Embury preached the dedication sermon of the first Methodist chapel in the New World. It was October 24, 1769, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor—Wesley's first missionaries—landed. It was in October, 1771, that Francis Wright and Richard Asbury landed. In October, 1866, that the great Centennial Celebration was held throughout our wide-spread connection, and as great Methodist events have transpired in America in October, and some of the grandest events of Embury's Methodistic life transpired in October, events in which the church, the nation, and the world have a deep and abiding interest, it seems very fit, proper and

opportune, that Embury's monument should be completed and unveiled in October. October is a Methodist classic month!

This is an age of monuments. One has lately been erected in Printing House Square, New York, to Benjamin Franklin, who tamed the lightning. Another monument has been erected in Central Park, to Professor Morse, who taught the English language. Another to Washington Irving, the distinguished author, and to many others. If we erect them to authors, to inventors, to discoverers, how much more to one who accomplished what Embury did. What is the founding of an Empire compared with laying the foundation of a church, one wing of which rises in the east, another in the west, another in the north, another in the south—an ocean bound church, one that has within its hallowed precincts millions of devout worshipers.

All nations have held in honor the names and deeds of their illustrious dead. So it has been with churches. Philip Embury has a name immortal. He is an evergreen. His name is crowned with a garland of imperperishable verdure. There is a beauty, a freshness, a charm about it that age and time cannot annihilate. His name is known over all the world, and it will be transmitted from one generation to another, till the last syllable of recorded time; till earth is wrapped in her red winding sheet, till the funeral of the world, and the birthday of the new heavens, and the new earth. Philip Embury's name is as familiar as a household word, it is embalmed in our affections, in the heart of

the church; and embalmed in her history. Philip Embury laid the foundations of Methodism in America. He was its pioneer. He was the great apostle of American Methodism. To him belongs this immortal honor. On the Methodistic pillow of fame is a long list of brilliant names, but at the head of the column, over all, written in capital letters, is the name of Philip Embury. Philip Embury preached the first Methodist sermon, formed the first class, was the first class-leader, was the first treasurer and trustee, built the first church edifice, dedicated the first Methodist chapel. Philip Embury was the first Methodist minister in America that died; the first that went from the New World to heaven; the first that went to join the Wesleys, and to join in singing the new song before the throne. But oh, how many have followed him to the grave, and to heaven—thousands upon thousands who by death have escaped from death and life eternal gained

It is a hundred years since Embury died and was buried. How the world has moved forward during the century. The world has made more advancement during this time than in a thousand years before. A hundred years have made great changes here, for changes come with every circling year. A hundred years to come where will we be? These honored Bishops, and local preachers, and traveling preachers, and members, we will be in our graves; and our spirits will be with the just made perfect. A hundred years to come and we shall be in the society of the blest, with Embury, and Webb, and Strawbridge—we shall

be with Wesley, Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, McKentree, and choice spirits of all ages! A hundred years to come and we shall be where we can die no more—where there is an utter impossibility of death—where we are under a divine constraint to live forever, immortal as Gabriel, immortal as the king, eternal, immortal and invisible; equal to the angels of God in dignity, purity, felicity and in immortality. A hundred years to come and we shall be where immortality oversweeps all time, all tears, all pain, all death; and like the eternal anthem of the deep, thunders into his ear this truth "Thou livest forever." A hundred years to come and we shall be where we shall breathe forever, live forever, shine forever. We shall be where every eye sparkles with delight, every countenance beams with the smile of complacency, every tongue drops manna, every pulse beats high with immortality, and every frame is made to sustain, without weariness, an eternal weight of glory.

Look at yonder sun, shining in meridian splendor, that is emblematical of your future glory. "Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Fathers." Go out to-night and look up at the magnificent heavens that look like a sea of glory, look at the firmanent in its beauty and brightness; then look at the stars that twinkle, adding to the beauty and variety of the heavens.

"And whoever looked upon them shining,
Nor turned to earth without repining;
Nor wished for wings to soar away,
To mingle in their endless day."

These are emblems of our future splendor, "For they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent, and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars in brilliancy, that is cloudless and eternal."

NOTE.

The following representatives of the press were in attendance at the Convention and the unveiling of the Embury Monument.

Geo. W. Elliott, *Tribune*, New York.

A. L. Blair, *Times*, Troy.

Theodore Williams, *Press*, Troy.

Rev. B. Hawley, D. D., *Globe*, Rultland, Vt.

Rev. W. H. Kincaid, *Christian Advocate*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

G. N. Hillman, *Argus*, Albany.

G. W. Mooney, *Methodist*, New York.

Rev. W. H. Tiffany, *Post*, Cambridge.

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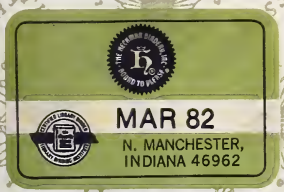
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